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Solicitor and Attorney and Patent Cases,
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Opposite U. S. Patent Office.
(Mention this paper.)

Church Directory.

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CONCEPTION.
First Mass, 8:00 a. m., second Mass and sermon,
10:30 a. m. Rosary recitation and benediction at
5:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Connel, pastor.
S. Clark, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Services regularly held, morning and evening,
every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting
Thursday night.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services second Saturday evening and Sunday
each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night. J.
S. Clark, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH.
Services first Sunday each month. Sunday
school at 10:00 p. m. Rev. J. S. Cox, pastor.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,
and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30
a. m. W. W. Dwyer, pastor.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sun-
day school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

Madisonville.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning
and evening, by J. N. Compton. Prayer meeting
Wednesday evening. Sunday school every Sun-
day morning at 9:15.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by Elder F. A. L. Prater.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday school
every Sunday morning at 9:15.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by J. T. Cherry. Prayer
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday school every
Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Preaching every second and third Lord's day,
morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday school at
9:15 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:15.
Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4
o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. Church.

Elders Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 54, F. &
M. Stated meetings the first and
third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
Transient brethren cordially invited
to attend. Henry C. Boyland, W. M.
CHAR. COWELL, Secretary.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 42, F. &
M. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night
at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially
invited to attend. Mrs. J. E. Day, C. T.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary. J. B. WATT, N. G.

COFFMAN LODGE, No. 50, I. O. G. T. Regular
meeting of members every Wednesday evening
at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends especially
invited to attend. Mrs. J. E. Day, C. T.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary. J. B. WATT, N. G.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 8, KNIGHTS OF
PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the
Masonic building. All members of the order are
cordially invited to attend. JESSE PHILLIPS, C. C.
THOS D. HARRIS, E. of S. and S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, O. U. W. Meets
every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
T. G. TERRY, Recorder. N. W. HUFF, W. M.

Musical Organizations.

THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets at
the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night
at 8 o'clock. Invited to attend. Meetings
begin at 8 o'clock. DAN M. EVANS,
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Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—M. H. C. Alford.
Circuit Court Clerk—John W. Hendrix.
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.
Attorney General—W. J. Hendricks.
Auditor—C. C. Roanoke.
Treasurer—L. C. Hale.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Porter.
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Judges—W. H. Holt, Jos. Barbour, J. H. Brent.
Liberian—Mrs. H. H. Justice.
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Commonwealth's Attorney—J. B. Garner.
Circuit Court Clerk—J. C. Hendrix.
Judge of County Court—J. F. Dempsey.
County Attorney—J. W. Waddill.
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.
Sheriff—R. C. Tapp.
Jailor—Daniel Brown.
Superintendent of Schools—J. J. Glenn.
Coroner—L. D. H. Rodgers.

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Court House District—D. Stodghill, T. R. Card-
well.
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See agents of this company for
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Louisville, Kentucky.

CAMPAIGN SONG—1892.

At—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.
We are all Republicans,
And we're loyal to the core.
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.
You can hear our Slogan ring,
As our campaign song we sing—
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

CHORUS:
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-
ing.
Cheer up brothers we will come,
You will find us all in line
When it comes election time—
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

Protection is the cry.
That we raise the echoes by.
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.
Every shop and every mill
Knows the great McKinley bill—
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

CHORUS:
Honest money, safe and sound,
Makes prosperity abound.
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.
By our vote can ever be—
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

CHORUS:
For an honest vote for all,
An honest count we call,
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.
We are sure to win the fight
For we know that we are right—
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

CHORUS:
Reciprocity we claim
Is the glory of Jim Blaine.
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.
And we mean on every day.
That our Nation's flag shall be—
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

CHORUS:
We will vote for Harrison
For the noble work he's done,
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.
With our Harrison flag on high
We will shout our battle cry—
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

CHORUS:
"TO LET."

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

There it was, most unquestion-
ably—in fat black letters.
"This House to Let—no
mistake about it, either," mused
Mr. Briggs, stirring his cup of cold
coffee and looking distastefully at
the one boiled egg that lay before him.
"The fact is, I'm sick of
keeping house; coal always out,
taxes always due. I won't stand it
any longer."

He turned a lively scarlet as the
door slowly swung open and his
housekeeper walked majestically in.
In fact, Mr. Briggs was a little
afraid of Mrs. Parley, but he was
resolved to break the baleful spell.
"Mr. Briggs," began the lady
solemnly, "can I believe my eyes?"
"Well, ma'am," said the old bache-
lor, "I never heard that anything
was amiss with your eyesight."
"Is it possible that you have
posted a bill on the front of this
house without consulting me?"
"Quite so, ma'am," responded
Nahum.
"And you intend?"
"To shut up shop—to close the
establishment—to break up house-
keeping," said Nahum. "That's
exactly my intention."

"Very well, sir," said Mrs. Parley,
grimly, "if you will settle the trifling
question of salary between us,
I will take my departure."
"What? Now?" ejaculated Mr.
Briggs. "And who's to keep house
for me until the 1st of May?"
That's your own business."
Mrs. Parley withdrew, and Na-
hum was left to his own medita-
tions. They took the shape of a
species of war-dance, executed in
the middle of the floor.
"Bravo! bravo! three cheers and
a tiger!" chuckled our hero. If ever
there was a miserable slave, I've
been one to that hatchet-faced old
woman, and now I'm free."

He stopped abruptly—there was
a ring at the door bell.
A spectacled old lady stood on
the door steps in a shabby bomba-
zine and furs that looked as if they
might have grown on the back of a
dissipated cat.
"This 'ere house to let?"
"Yes ma'am."
"Water pipes in order? cellar
dry? paint new? furnace work good?
roof sound? chandeliers go with the
house? possession right off? neigh-
borhood good? Methodist church
anywhere near? any objection to
children? ventilators in the rooms?
cherry closets off the dining room?"
"Ma'am?" ejaculated poor Na-
hum, fairly stunned at the torrent of
questions.
"What's the rent?"
"Twelve hundred dollars."
"Twelve hundred fiddlesticks!"
shrieked the old lady. "Why you
must be crazy! Say nine hundred
and I'll look at the rooms."
"I'll say nothing of the sort."

So saying Nahum Briggs closed the
door in the face of the old lady with
the mangy furs.
Sincerely—had the old lady got
safely round the corner, and Mr.
Briggs recovered his ruffled facili-
ties, when there came another in-
terruption of the bell—a languid
young lady this time with a stiff-
looking gentleman, who appeared
engaged in the holding of his mus-
tache. With this couple Mr. Na-
hum trotted to the very top of the
house and back again.
"Adolphus, my dear," said the
lady.
"Well, my dear?"
"Don't you think the ceiling is
very low? And then the back
yard is so very small. And the
dining room is so inconvenient.
And I'm really afraid there are ob-
noxious insects in the best rooms."
"Really, ma'am, is there another
fault to find?" said Nahum bristling
up. "Because if there isn't there's
the front door."
Two young damsels and a spin-
ster aunt followed, and after a very
lengthy inspection of the premises,
came to a stare council in the par-
lors.
"I like the house very much,"
said the spinster aunt, solemnly,
"and with a few slight alterations,
I will engage it for my brother's
family."
"Very good, ma'am," said Na-
hum, rubbing his hands, and scent-
ing a speedy termination to his
trials. "Name 'em."
"The door handles must all be
gilded, and I should like the house
newly papered and repainted, and
the partition between the parlors
taken down and replaced by an
arch, and an extension dining room
built out behind, and a bay window
thrown out of the parlor, and a
new style of range in the kitchen,
and a dumb-waiter put in, and new
bronze chandeliers throughout, and
another furnace in the sub-cellar,
and—"

Another lady, but quite different
from the others—a slender, little,
cast-down lady, with a head that
drooped like a lily of the valley and
a dress of brown silk that had been
mended and turned and retremmed
until even Nahum Briggs, man and
bachelor though he was, could see
how very shabby it was. Yet she
was pretty, with big blue eyes and
shining brown hair, and cheeks
tinged with a faint, fleeting color,
where the velvety roses of youth
had once blossomed in vivid car-
mine. And the little lassies who
clung to her dress were as like
her as tiny lily-buds to a full-bloom-
ed chime of flower-bells.

As Nahum Briggs stood looking
at her, there came back to him the
sunshiny days of youth—a field of
clover and a blue-eyed girl leaning
over the fence with her bright hair
barred with a level sunset gold, and
he knew that he was standing face
to face with the girl whose blue
eyes had kept him an old bachelor
all his life long.
"This house is to let, I believe?"
she asked, timidly.
"I believe it is, Barbara Wylie."

She looked up, starting with a
sudden flush of recognition.
"If you please, Mr. Briggs, I will
look at the house. I am a widow
now and am very poor, and—and I
think of keeping a boarding house
to earn my bread. I hope the rent
is not very high?"
"We'll talk about the rent after-
ward," said Nahum, swallowing a
big lump in his throat. "Come
here, little girls and kiss me; I used
to know your mamma when she
wasn't much bigger than you are."
Barbara, with her blue eyes still
drooping, went all over the house
without finding a word of fault, and
Nahum Briggs walked at her side,
wondering if it really was 15 years
since the June sunshine lay so
brightly over the clover field.

"I think the house is beautiful,"
said meek Barbara. "Will you
rent to me?"
"Well, yes," said Nahum, very
thoughtfully. "I will let you have
the house if you want it, Barbara."
"With the privilege of keeping
a few boarders?"
"No!"
Barbara stopped and looked wist-
fully at him.

"But I don't think you under-
stand how very poor I am, Mr.
Briggs."
"I'll tell you what, Barbara,"
said Mr. Briggs, dictatorially, "I'll
give you the privilege of keeping
just one boarder, and him you must
keep all your life, if you once take
him."
"I don't think I quite understand
you, Mr. Briggs," said Barbara, but
we are rather inclined to think she
told a little fib.
"What do you say to me for a
boarder, Barbara?" said the old
bachelor, taking the widow's hands
in his. "Barbara, I like you as
well as I ever did, and I'll do my
best to be a good husband to you,
if you'll be my wife."
Barbara blushed and hesitated,
but Nahum was not to be eluded.
"Shall I take down the sign 'To
Let, Barbara?'"
"Yes," she murmured, almost
under her breath.
"And when shall we be married,
Barbara?"
"In the summer, perhaps," said
Mrs. Barbara, shyly.
"Tomorrow," said Nahum, de-
cisively, and "tomorrow" it was.

The probabilities are that neither
Mr. Nahum Briggs nor his brown
stone house will be in the market
again "To Let."

A DUEL FOR BLOOD.

A Young French Officer Who, Once In for It,
Carried It to the End.

In a regiment stationed at Mar-
seilles the captain of one of the
troops, according to the New York
Recorder, was a notorious bully.
He took special delight in torturing
the youngest of his lieutenants, a
bright, laughter-loving lad, who
was the delight of the regiment—
officers and men. One day after
he had grossly insulted the boy
and followed it by calling him a liar
and slapping his face. The lieuten-
ant flushed and left the room.
He had previously shown his courage
at Algiers, and his comrades
could not understand why he
should tolerate such continued in-
sults. They followed him to his
quarters and told him that if he did
not call out his enemy they would
have to send him to Coventry.
The young officer explained that he
had strong religious scruples about
dueling and could not conscientiously
go out.

Finally the colonel of the regi-
ment sent him the alternative—
either fight or leave the service.
The boy then agreed, on condition
that the fight should take place with
pistols and over a handkerchief.
One of the weapons was to be load-
ed and the other unloaded. They
were to be chosen by lot. At the
signal the captain pulled the trig-
ger, when it was found that he held
the unloaded pistol.

All eyes were now fixed upon the
calm, resolute, fair-headed youth.
The spectators were confident, that
as he held his adversary in his pow-
er, he would either discharge his
pistol in the air or not shoot at all.
But not so. He took deliberate
aim, and, placing the muzzle of his
pistol as near to the other man's
face as he could reach, blew his
brains out. Then, leaning over
the prostrate form of his enemy, he
dipped a handkerchief in the blood
and smeared the face with it. He
then turned with exultation to those
in the field and said: "There! do
you consider that I have wiped out
the blow I received?" He then
strode from the ground and that
evening sent in his resignation.

It was very dreadful, of course.
Lucy had read of such things be-
fore in stories, which seemed very
improbable, but it never occurred
to her that her father would treat
her, Lucy Boggs—or, rather, now
Mrs. Lucy Boggs Chanler—in any
such manner. But right there she
was mistaken.

And so Mr. and Mrs. Chanler
returned to Gotham and art and a
rather precarious existence. Her
letters to her father were un-
answered; after awhile they were
returned to her, unopened. The
old man evidently meant what he
said. The death of Mrs. Boggs, a
year or so later, didn't tend to
soften his heart; if possible, it be-
came flintier than before.

It is estimated that 20,000,000
Russians are destitute.
The English language contains
forty-one distinct sounds.
There are thirteen miles of book-
shelves in the British museum.
The London Gazette is the oldest
newspaper. It was first pub-
lished November 7, 1665.

THE MINISTRY OF WOMAN.

How beautiful the ministry
Of woman's gentle hand!
How soft love's attributes, that spring
At her divine command!
For weal or woe, for good or ill,
About man's careless life
She weaves the blossoms of her heart,
As mother, maid or wife!
She leads his feet up from the pit!
She bids his spirit rise!
Sometimes by her superior will,
Sometimes by pleading eyes!

Or else she lures him from the heights
To the darkest depths below!
From peace and joy and love and heaven
To bitterness and woe!
Oh, woman! lovely woman-kind!
Be careful how you play
The role of queen, in this your realm.
To him whom you may sway!
—New York Ledger.

WON HIS HEART.

How a Little Child Fulfilled Its Mission of
Love.

"Drat it!" said Boggs.
Boggs was a withered-up, little
old Yankee, who had made his for-
tune and was living in a little house
on a little side street in a little vil-
lage in New England. Boggs was
something of a recluse—almost a
hermit. His housekeeper was a
crusty old woman of uncertain age
who furnished him his only com-
panionship. He sought no other.
For old Boggs had soured on the
world, to use a somewhat slangy
phrase.

To go back a matter of five years
or so: The time had been when
the old man had less of acerbity
in his nature—when he was not so
much of a recluse as he now was.
His wife was living then—his
daughter, too, was at home, and
Boggs thought much of the one,
but more of the other. His heart
was bound up in the girl, with her
laughing blue eyes, golden hair
and sunny face. He had planned
a great future for her, for the old
man cared more, if possible, for
his daughter than he did for his
dollars, and he determined that re-
gardless of all expense his girl
should become a lady, dress like
a lady and marry like a lady should.

Boggs, of humble parentage him-
self—himself a hard-toiling man
all his life—determined that his
daughter should become an aristoc-
rat. And so he did not hesitate
to pay over large sums to Mme.
Emilie, of New York, to whose
fashionable boarding-school Miss
Lucy was sent to acquire a "fust-
class education," as the old man
proudly referred to it.

So that it can readily be seen
that when Miss Lucy returned
from school with a diploma, which
duly set forth all her requirements,
it was a slow blow to the old man
that she should immediately fall in
love with a penniless young artist,
who had strayed over from Gotham
to sketch some of the glories
scenery about Dudleyboro. But
she did. And what was more to the
point, she married him, too, in
spite of her father's stern denials
and her mother's tearful protests.
It was a secret marriage, and when
the young couple appeared before
the old man it was with the full
expectation of his relenting and
bestowing upon them his full for-
giveness. But no such thing oc-
curred.

"You have disobeyed my com-
mands," he said; "now shift for
yourself, girl. I never want to see
or hear from you again. Begone!"
And there was something like a
curse on his lips as he turned from
the young bride and her husband.
It was very dreadful, of course.
Lucy had read of such things be-
fore in stories, which seemed very
improbable, but it never occurred
to her that her father would treat
her, Lucy Boggs—or, rather, now
Mrs. Lucy Boggs Chanler—in any
such manner. But right there she
was mistaken.

And so Mr. and Mrs. Chanler
returned to Gotham and art and a
rather precarious existence. Her
letters to her father were un-
answered; after awhile they were
returned to her, unopened. The
old man evidently meant what he
said. The death of Mrs. Boggs, a
year or so later, didn't tend to
soften his heart; if possible, it be-
came flintier than before.

man determined not to betray the
fact.
"Mussy on us!" ejaculated the
old woman. "Lucy and her hus-
band both dead and their two-
year-old child an orphan? And
we've got to take it or it'll be sent
to the asylum. Well, well!"
"Yes," said old Boggs, "and I
suppose we'll have to take the
young 'un, although how we can
take care of it in this house is more
than I know."

"Might get a puss-gal?" sug-
gested the old woman.
"Well, I don't know about that,"
returned old Boggs. "Mebbe so,
mebbe so; well see." He was
wondering whether this two-year-
old baby looked anything like Lucy
did at that age.

The child came, a pretty, fair-
haired thing, for all the world a
small pocket edition of its mother,
and with the little one a young
girl who had been sent along to
take care of the diminutive traveler
on the journey from New York.
This young woman seemed burst-
ing with some secret, which could,
it appeared, be repressed only by
the most prodigious effort. But in
the main she proved satisfactory,
and her valuable services were re-
tained for the stipend of one dol-
lar a week and found, which was
a source of jealousy on the part of
the old housekeeper, who income
was but a trifle more.

It was a very speedy conquest—
that of the baby over old Boggs.
At first he affected not to notice it,
but he soon got over that. Gradu-
ally the child crept into his old
heart, until after the child had
been in the house a month he
would have rather parted with his
life than with Lucy's child. He
watched over it with all the tenderness
of a mother. In fact, old
Boggs was a changed man—he
began to take some interest in life.
The little one fretted at first—
cried for its "papa" and "mamma"
and asked in its infantile way to be
taken back to them.

"Poor child!" said the old man,
"It don't realize what's befallen it.
Perhaps it's just as well—just as
well. It'll the sooner forget."
One day Boggs was returning
from one of his long, lonely walks.
The old housekeeper met him at
the gate, face blanched, eyes star-
ling like a maniac's, hair disheveled
—the picture of abject terror.
"What's the matter?" the old
man asked, greatly puzzled by her
strange conduct.

"Lucy—ghost—your daughter—
in there!" the housekeeper gasped.
She could say no more.
Old Boggs was not at all super-
stitious, and he quickly made his
way into the house. In the front
room there sat, with the child in
her arms, Lucy, but not a ghost.
Far from it—very much in the
flesh; there could be no doubt
of that.

Old Boggs stared at her in
amazement. He was unwilling to
trust his own eyes.
"You—you—I thought you
were dead!" he finally managed to
say.
"So I have been to you, father,
for the last five years. And so I
sent the child to see—"

"Yes, I understand—I under-
stand," interrupted the old man,
hastily. "Husband dead, I sup-
pose? You a penniless widow? Want
to come home and live with
your old father now you have no-
where else to go?" The old man
was growing a trifle bittier.
"No, father," said the girl.
"Will is not dead, and we are not
penniless. He has succeeded and
we are becoming rich. But I want
your love, your forgiveness. And
so I sent the child as a sort of am-
bassador. If she hasn't succeed-
ed, we'll go back—the child and I."

The old man paused for full
three minutes.
"I guess—she—has," he finally
said, slowly. "You needn't go,
leastwise till you've made us a
good, long visit. And I dunno
but I might go back to New York
to live with ye. It's pretty lonely
out here, and I've got kind o' fond
o' the child."

"Do, father," replied the
daughter, "nothing would please
us more—Will and I. We will—"

"But it was a mighty mean
trick," interrupted the old man—
Chicago News.

The origin of card playing is un-
certain. It is said to have been
brought to Viterbo in 1379. Cards
were illuminated for Charles VI.,
of France, 1392, then depressed in
mind. Cards were first taxed in
England in 1710.

This was the situation that
frosty December evening when
Boggs ejaculated: "Drat it!"
"Read that," he said, as he
tossed a letter over to the old
housekeeper. The old man's tones
were a trifle softer than usual, for